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# THE
# Damneds Doom

Vet. A 4 e. 431 (8)

Bt. from E.M. Lawson and co.

THE &c.

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# DAMNEDS DOOM,

Or Some

## Meditations in Verſe,

UPON

## The Laſt Great Sentence,

At The

## Day of Judgment.

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Math: 25, 41. *Depart from Me ye Curſed into Everlaſting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

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*EDINBURGH,*

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# The *Damneds Doom*, or ſome *Meditations* in Verſe, upon the laſt great Sentence at the Day of Judgement; *Mat.* 25. 41. *Depart from me ye Curſed into Everlaſting Fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.*

HEark! Heark! the Trumpet ſounds, the Court is met!
Chriſt, (as chief Juſtice) on the Bench is ſet;
Adorn'd with glorious Robes, and rich Attire,
Not now abas'd on Earth, advanced higher;
Guarded by Saints and Angels: ſuch as they
Moſt all attend the Service of this Day.
He who when Priſoner here, was forc'd to ſtand,
And at a Mortal's Bar, hold up His Hand,
Was mock'd at, ſpit upon, reproach'd and bled,
Muſt now be Judge alone of Quick and Dead;
Tho' here debaſed, yet now Heaven rings
With Hallelujahs to this King of Kings.

*Jeſus.*

Call forth the Priſoners then, they muſt appear,
To anſwer for themſelves, tho' Crimes are clear;
Hear what they'l ſay, tho all they ſay, alas!
Can never hinder th' Sentence that muſt paſs.
Sinners appear, come forth your Graves, ariſe,
You all are ſummon'd to the grand Aſſize;

You

You called are into the great Court-Royal,
And may not ſtay, you muſt attend your Tryal;
Make way for wretched Priſoners, there make room,
They'r going to receive their final Doom.
But now methinks, I ſee thoſe trembling Souls,
Gazing about, to find ſome hiding Holes;
Calling to Rocks to hide them, but in vain,
For ſuch like Calls and Cries can nought obtain:
Their hearts were hardned in a Day of Grace,
When God did ſweetly call, and give them Space
For to repent, And now thoſe rooky Stones
Has no regard at all unto their Groans;
The Mountains will not fall, to hide them from
The Wrath of Him that ſitteth on the Throne.
O what a ſight I ſee; the wretched State
Of Fools bewailing Folly, when to late!
From Hell and Graves, they come, but muſt not ſtay
They are to paſs Accounts, and ſo away.
Now Soul and Body meets, and muſt remain,
By Righteous Sentence, in eternal Pain;
They Partners were in Sin, whilſt here below,
And muſt together groan in endleſs Wo;
The graves do open, and the Priſoners riſe,
And now methinks, I hear the doleful Cries
Of thoſe poor Sinners, who on earth took Pains
To make their Souls as black and full of Stains,
As any could be; grudging always when
They were out-ſtript in Sin by any Men.
Methinks, I hear their Pleas, and ſee them quaking
And all the little Shifts they would be making;
And all becauſe they would appear at th' Bar
Of God, a little better than they are.

The gripping Uſurer now looks about
To find ſome better Hands, than his Hands out,
Which he do's well remember heretofore
Did often by Extortion wrong the Poor.
The Wanton dare not own his wanton Eye,
I muſt, ſays he, have better, or I die;
Mine oft unchaſtly upon Women gaz'd,
And for lacivious Looks I ſtand amaz'd.
The Lawyer would reject his gilded Tongue,
By which he thouſands in the World did wrong;
He knows that he, being fee'd or brib'd, ne're ſtood,
To make a good Cauſe bad, a bad Cauſe good.
The Gallant dare not own his ſtuttering Feet,
Which often trudg'd thro' thick and thin to meet
A dirty Whore, or hectoring drunken Friend,
To help him vainly precious time to ſpend;
My feet were ſwift in running to do Evil,
I muſt have other feet, or go to th' Devil.
The Politician dares not own his Head;
Another he would fain have in its Stead;
That that contriv'd, he always was purſuing,
And finds his wicked Brain was his undoing.
Some they would part with Fingers, and would
have any Fingers out of any's Grave; (have,
Or they may miſs their own which was too bent,
To ſign Decrees againſt the Innocent.
Thieves they would part with Hands, and Liars
The Inſtruments of many grievous Wrongs, (Tongues
Long-winded Sinners they would part with Lungs.
The Hypocrite too, has a mind to part
With his, to change it for a better Heart.

Ill-minded

Ill-minded Sinners now would change their Mind
For any others of a better kind;
And others, other things would ſwap, if then
They might hereby but paſs for better Men:
Kings would diſown their Crowns and Grandure too,
And now appear in Rags, if that would do.
But O! prodigious Madneſs herein's ſhown,
For every one muſt keep what was his own;
And wicked Men muſt ſee their monſtrous Folly,
Who would not, (whilſt on Earth) be ſtrict and holy?
Well! are the Priſonets come, then let them hear;
They muſt my Wrath and Fury ever bear.

*Sentence.*

Depart! ye curſed Wretches, ne're return,
Into a fire, that muſt always burn,
Prepared for the Devil, and a Crew
Of wicked Wretches juſt like ſuch as you.

*Priſoner.*

Ah dreadful Word, Depart! and that from Thee,
Muſt needs be th' upſhot of all Miſery.
Lord, let me ſtay but here, the Sinner cries,
My clamorous Conſcience, and my blubbring Eyes
May Torment be enough; dear God abate,
Some pity ſhew me: For my wretch'd Eſtate
Is ſuch I cannot bear, let Sentence be
A little bated by a ſight of Thee.

*Judge.*

Nay Sinner, know, my Preſence heretofore
Thou did'ſt not like, tho' offer'd o're and o're;
Thou would'ſt not entertain Me in thy Heart,
And now my Sentence, Sinner, is, Depart!
An offered Chriſt, and Pardon, thou didſt ſlight,
And what can follow on't but diſmal Night?

*Priſo*

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*Priſoner.*

And muſt I now depart, and undergo,
This dreadful heavy Doom? and let me know,
That thow wilt bleſs me Lord, and then I can
Refreſh my Soul with this where-e're I am.
I'm loth to go, but if I muſt, I crave
That I before may Heaven's Bleſſing have.

*Jeſus.*

Sinner, be gone! nay more, I muſt the tell,
My Curſe ſhall go along with the to Hell:
My Bleſſing thou deſpis'd for many Years,
And canſt not have it now tho' ſought with Tears;
Thou muſt for ever fry and flame and rot,
Depart then, Sinner, for I know thee not.

*Priſoner.*

And muſt I be accurs'd, and never ſee,
Thy bleſſed Face again? then Lord let me
Find out for an Abode ſome pleaſant Place,
What needs more Mis'ry, than not ſee thy Face?

*Judge.*

Away thou curſed Miſcr'ant, 'tis too late,
Poſſeſs the Mis'ries of a wretched ſtate:
To Hell be gone, let Racks increaſe thy pains,
And Fiends torment thee with dolorous Strains;
Here thou didſt wallow in thy ſenſual pleaſure,
And now muſt burn in Flames that know no meaſure.

*Priſoner.*

Ah Lord! if I muſt go with Curſe and Ire,
And that to ſuch a woful place as fire;
Yet let me beg this Boon, I never may
Continue any long time there, or ſtay;
Let me paſs ſwiftly thro', and then have Eaſe,
Let this the Anger of My God appeaſe.

Material Fire's ſad, Men kindle here,
What then are Flames that burn with Brimſton there?

*Judge.*

Away Wretch, ſtay no longer, ceaſe thy Wooings;
Thou reapeſt but the Fruits of thy own Doings;
Eternal pain, thy tortur'd Mind ſhall rend,
That has no preſent Eaſe, nor future End;
There go, contribute to theſe dreadful Cries,
Where Fire's never quench'd, nor Worme e're dies.

*Priſoner.*

Let not My Lord be angry, if I take
Yet liberty to plead, my Life's at Stake;
This diſmal dreadful Doom for to depart,
From Thee the cheiefeſt Good, en'e breaks my heart
But yet in Flames for evermore to be,
Does fill my Torments with Extremity.
Well if it muſt be ſo, that I drink up
The bitterſt Dregs of this imbittered Cup,
Yet favour me ſo far, as I may chooſe,
My own Companions there, Lord don't refuſe;
May I be join'd to ſuch as may abate,
And not encreaſe the Torments of that State.

*Judge.*

No Sinner, thy Companions muſt be ſuch
As thou in Life-time didſt delight in much;
Such who on earth were Tempters moſt to thee,
Shall now in Hell thy worſt Tormentors be:
Thoſe, who to lead the Captive here took pains,
Shall now for ever with thee hang in Chains:
You all when fagotted, ſhall burn together,
and theſe things be endured, Soul, for ever.

Ah ghaſtly ſight! devouring Flames to ſee,
With Adders, Frogs and Toads, for ever be;
To hear the Screeches of thoſe Monſters then,
That cannot be expreſs'd by any pen.
All this and greater Mis'ry, does inthral,
Yet ſtings of Conſcience will prove worſt of all.

## Sentence more particular.

*Judge.*

BRing forth the Priſoners, bring them one by one,
That every one may ſentenc'd be alone:
Set them to 'th' Bar, that every one may hear,
What 'tis they're damned for, what they muſt bear.

*Ignorant.*

Come forth beſotted Souls that have not known,
The Myſt'ries of the great Salvation;
That ignorant have been, tho' Goſpel Light
Has ſhin'd about their Tabernacles bright;
Take them then, Devils, bind them very faſt,
The time they had for learning now is paſt.

*Slothful.*

Come forth ye ſlothful ſervants, come, make haſte,
Who did not well improve, but Talents waſte;
On Earth you moſt unprofitable were,
And well may trembling ſtand now you are here;
Talents I did intruſt you with to uſe,
Unto my Glory, which you did abuſe;
You either ſpent them vainly on your Luſt,
Or laid them up in Napkins for to ruſt;
How couldſt thou eat, and drink, and ſleep, and play,
Before thy Work was done, Soul, what canſt ſay?

Your

Your pleaſant morſels prove a bitter ſweet,
For take them Devils, bind them hand and feet.

*Worſhip-Neglecters.*

Come forth all thoſe that Families had here,
But in them would not Goſpel-Worſhip bear;
Tho' ſin and Satan have your Threſholds trod,
You had no Entertainment for Your God!
You were my Creatures and did Worſhip owe,
But did not pay this Debt to Me you know;
And tho' you Subjects were, would never bring,
The Homage that you ſhould, to Me Your King.
You liv'd upon My Bounty Every Day.
Your charge in Keeping-Houſe I did defray,
And yet when all was done, you would not pray.
Tho' Wrath and Vengance threatned was to fall
On Families that would not on Me call,
Yet all I find in vain, you ſtrangers are,
Both to your Family and cloſet-prayer;
Then rank them Devils 'mongſt your curſed Train
Their prayers that would have done, are now in vain.

*Sabbath-Breakers.*

Come forth ye Sabbath-Breakers, ſinners high,
You moſt be try'd and all be caſt and die;
You did prophane My Sabbaths here on Earth,
Would not then honour Me who grave you Breath
Moſt vilely you have waſted thoſe bleſt Days,
By Eating, Drinking, Sleeping, Sports, and Plays;
By thinking vainly, or by doing Ill,
By acting what was bad, or ſitting ſtill;
In ſtead of walking with Thy God (which yeilds
The trueſt pleaſure) thou haſt walk'd i'th Fields,

To gratify thy Fleſh, with vain Delights,
And haſt not paid to Heaven, Heaven's Rights;
Inſtead of waiting at the poſts o'th Door
Of My own Houſe, thou'ſt waited on a Whore;
Inſtead of managing thy Soul's Affairs,
By Reading, Hearing, Singing, Thinking, Pray'rs,
The World has fill'd thy thoughts, and waſted time,
That was not thine, O ſinner, but was Mine!
You thought one *Day* of Prayer and Praiſe for Me,
Too much to ſpend on Earth, and now muſt ſee
Your ſelves excluded Heaven, fill'd with pains,
Whilſt Saints are ſinging here in higheſt Strains;
Take them to Hell then, let them hence be led,
And there be always dying, never dead.

*Swearers.*

Come forth you ſwearing crew, who would prophan,
By Oaths and Curſes, My moſt holy Name;
Could hardly ſpeak a word, but Oaths muſt fly:
For theſe thy ſins, O ſinner, thou muſt die;
'Twas My Command you know, *Swear not at all*,
Unleſs to end a ſtrife you had a call;
But in your common Talk My Word did ſay,
Let your Yea be Yea, and your Nay be Nay;
And whatſoever's more muſt needs be evil,
Yet leſs is learn'd by you, and taught by th' Devil.
Some ſinners, come, you oft have curſt and ſwore,
And bad Me damn you if I durſt: therefore
Now will ſwear in Wrath, you ne're ſhall ſee
My bleſſed Reſt, but turn'd to Hell ſhall be;
Take them then Devils, in torments let them lie,
Where Conſcience always ſtings, and worms ne're die.

*Scoffers.*

*Scoffers.*

Come forth ye Scoffers, that could ne're refrain,
To ſpeak of pious Souls without diſdain:
Who counted Goodneſs, Madneſs, blam'd their folly
Who ſeriouſly were ſtrict and truely Holly.
Thoſe things you did account, (you never ſaw)
But tricks and fancies, to keep Men in awe:
The truely holy, humble, pious ſoul,
You did account no better than a fool;
Then you could ſay, what needs ſo much adoe?
Men may be much leſs Holy, yer ſaved to:
You tauningly could ſay, theſe holy Brothers
Would fain ſeem more Religious than others;
The praying Saint, forſooth, has th' Spirit got,
Who yonder goes, poor ſilly whining ſot.
Well, but who made the wiſeſt choice? Come, ſpea
They who did keep My Law, or did It break,
They who in Soul-Affairs would ne'e delay,
To give to God the beſt they had; or they
Who thought ſuch guilty of the higheſt Folly,
And call'd religious thoughts but Melancholy?
I'th World you had your good things, Mine their b
But now Mine ſhall rejoice, whilſt you are ſad:
This was your Folly, tho' you would not ſee't,
Then take them Devils, bind them Hands and Fee

*Perſecutors.*

Come forth you Perſecutors, now you'l know
What 'twas for to oppreſs My Friends below;
You did not only mock, and ſcoff, but when
You pleas'd, you did impriſon th' beſt of Men,
Not only did you wound them with the Tongue,
But Scorpion-like, you many of them ſtung:

So

Some, *Judas*-like, you wickedly betray'd,
And others with your Threats you made afraid:
You baniſh'd ſome, and others ſpilt their Blood,
Becauſe they durſt not ſin, but would be good.
Many you hal'd to priſon, whom you knew
In all their Prayers to Me, forgot not you:
You would not walk your ſelves in th'Narrow-way,
And ſuch as would, you often caus'd to ſtray;
You thought herein you ſerv'd Me but now ſee,
It was the Devil's Work, with him you'l be.
Take them then Devils, let thoſe Monſters know
Their Folly's great, who ſerv'd My ſervants ſo.

*Licentious.*

Licentious ones come forth, for you have been
Allowers of your ſelves in every ſin;
You never laid Reſtraints upon your Will,
But always would your Appetites fulfil;
Your Luſts muſt be indulg'd, your ſins allow'd,
The leaſt Advance on Earth has made you proud:
Others would be bad, you'd not forbear,
With drunkards would be drunk, with ſwearers ſwear;
With haughty ſpirits you could rant and huff,
And with the vileſt would be vile enough:
Then take them Devils, let them ever burn
In Hell's devouring Flames, and ne're return.

*Gluttons.*

Come forth ye Gluttons, you that muſt be fed
With beſt of Dainties, and the fineſt Bread;
Who could for th' Body luſty Morſels crave,
Whilſt a neglected ſoul was like to ſtarve;
Whoſe cry was always give, come give us more,
Tho' Beggars went but empty from your Door:

If

If Paunches were not ſwell'd to th' biggeſt Laſt,
You always thought you had a poor Repaſt:
If bellies were not fill'd up to the Brim,
And you in Liquor almoſt fit to ſwim,
You thought Proviſion mean, and you muſt ſtarve,
Tho' Scraps indeed were more than ſuch deſerve.
Well, take them Devils, give them now their fill.
Let ſwiniſh tempers have their ſwiniſh ſwill.

*Drunkards.*

Drunkards come forth, who did your ſelves beſo
By drinking Wine in Bowls, pot after pot;
Who did unman your ſelves, debaſe your reaſon,
And this not ſeldom, but at every ſeaſon;
You knew you ſinn'd by every ſuch Exceſs,
That nature would be ſatisfi'd with leſs:
And that ſuch Drunkards muſt their portion take
In the Infernal pit and fiery Lake;
Yet drink you would, and Drunkards you would b
And in Exceſs would ſay, ſome tempted me;
Others thus pleaded, that as for their ſhare,
They overtaken were before aware;
But theſe things will not do, your pleas are naught
And all your drunken Frolicks dearly bought:
Then ſeize them Devils, let them ever take
Whole Draughts of Vengeance in a flaming Lake.

*Adulterers.*

Come forth Adulterers, that curſed ſeed,
Who were unchaſt in Thought, or Word, or Deed;
For all theſe things by My Command I did
Moſt ſtrictly all the ſons of men forbid;
You wantons knew theſe things moſt ſinful were,
And yet to act them, ſeldom would forbear;
You ſought out ſecret Corners where to ſin,
And act your luſtful wickedneſſes in;

You dreaded humane Eyes, and watch'd for Night,
That works of darkneſs might not ſee the Light,
But ne're conſider'd My all-ſeeing Eye
Could Wickedneſs thro' thickeſt Darkneſs ſpy:
Then take them ſatan, rack them in each part,
That they may ever know I ſearch the Heart.

*Covetous.*

Come forth thoſe Wordly Muck-Worms that took
In nothing more than heaping up a Treaſure (pleaſure
In this vain world, but never did know why,
Or who ſhould afterwards the ſame enjoy:
Who fixt your hears on Earth, but would not know,
When God does blow on ſuch things, all muſt go;
Your thoughts were ſo on Earth, you never could
Think once of Heav'n, at leaſt you never would
Beſtow a thought about your future ſtate,
And ſinners now you ſee it is too late:
Then take them Devils, ranſack all your Hoards,
And give them treaſures ſuch as Hell affords.

*Unmerciful.*

Come forth all thoſe who would no mercy ſhow,
Nor pity take on needy ones below;
Who would not ſpare ſome pence out of their ſtore,
But ſent the hungry empty from their Door,
And churliſhly would at the beggar ſcoff,
Or elſe would look at him a great way off:
Had bowels always ſhut againſt their cries,
And no regard would have to weeping Eyes.
Well, take them Devils to eternal pain,
Let thoſe who ſhew'd no mercy, ſeek't in vain.

*Unrighteous.*

Come forth Unrighteous perſons and unjuſt,
Who in their dealings here betray'd their truſt,

If Paunches were not ſwell'd to th' biggeſt Laſt,
You always thought you had a poor Repaſt:
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Who in their dealings here betray'd their truſt,

Widows and Orphans by their louder cries,
Have rent the Heavens, and have peirc'd the skies;
Your over reaching Neighbours heretofore,
And grinding of the Faces of the Poor;
Oppreſſing ſome, who ever you thought fit,
And vexing others, whom you could out-wit;
All theſe, and other ſuch unrighteous Gains
Is known to Me your Judge; and for your pains
Take them now Devils, hurl them into th' Fire,
That's kindled and increaſed by My Ire.

*Liars.*

Come forth you Liars that would not refrain,
To tell a lie at any time for Gain;
Who were ſo much accuſtom'd to this ſin,
As if your training up in Hell had been;
Affirming for a truth the thing which you
At that time did well know to be untrue:
But this you oft have done without a thought,
That ſuch a practice loved is ſtark naught;
You have reported Lies, but that's not all,
You often have invented them withal:
O what a caſe are you in, who as ſoon,
As you could almoſt ſpeak, were Liars grown;
Too often have you by this lying Trade,
A Fault that was but ſingle, two Faults made.
Then take them Devils, for a common Liar
Is fewel very proper for Hell-Fire.

*Slanderers.*

Let Slanderers come forth, and now appear,
Who always to Back-biters lent their ear,
And then would Stories here and there ſoon ſcatter,
Which whether true or falſe, they did not matter.

Thus you have liv'd and hereby oft have ta'ne
Unjuſtly from your Neighbour their good Name;
Your very Language is of ſuch a ſort,
Let Neighbours but report, and we'l report.
Such perſons ſurely never yet well knew,
The Duty to a Neighbour that was due;
Tho' know they might and ought that in their Station
They ſhould not blaſt, but help his Reputation.
Take them then Devils, down to Hell them bear,
And let them tell thoſe Fiends what now they hear.

*Ambitious.*

Come forth Ambitious perſons, and the proud,
Make room for them, they are too great to crowd;
Come, you, who built your Neſts on Earth ſo high,
As if you meant moſt proudly thence to fly
To Heaven; but this can't be, you knowing well
'Twas pride threw Angels down from thence to Hell;
Many a dirty ſtep you took to th' ſeat
Of Honour when on Earth, to make you great;
And tow'ring were your thoughts and ſwelling pride,
Admiring of your ſelves, but none beſide;
Others you ſcorn'd, and always thought unfit
At any time with you on Earth to ſit:
Your Hearts were proud, and Looks and Speech you know,
And Carriage unto all was alſo ſo.
Lodge them in Hell, their pride muſt coſt them dear,
See what they will be proud of when they're there.

*Envious.*

Let envious perſons now be brought to th' Bar,
Whoſe malice did exceed all others far;
There hardly could be any rich or great,
But theſe would quickly envy their Eſtate;

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They ſoon repine, if they but ſee or hear
Others commended whilſt themſelves are there;
If Neighbours but excell'd in any thing,
They'd either blaſt his Name, or clip his wing:
Theſe were the by-paths envious Souls have trod,
Their eye was evil becauſe Mine was Good.
Then take them Dev'l, Companions to be,
They are not fit for Heaven, but for thee.

*Wrathful.*

Bring forth thoſe wrathful perſons, that black crew
Whoſe tongues contentious, wounded not a few;
Their fiery ſpirits have been juſt like ſwords,
And Gall was always mingled with their words;
Wounded they have, and laſh'd reproachfully.
With Scorpion-Tongues in paſſion, Standers-by;
E'ne take them Devil, they're too hot to be
In any place but Hell, take them to thee.

*Moraliſts.*

Let Moraliſts come forth, who loudly boaſt
Of their uprighter Dealings than the moſt;
We were (ſay they) in Carriage always civil,
And in appearance, we forſook the Devil.
Firſt-Table Duties we have kept and ſhall,
Exactly ſtrict and juſt have been to all.
Well, all is nothing ſtill, here lies the bar,
To th' Power of Godlineſs you Strangers are.
Take them then Devils, I will hear no more,
Better than they are gone to Hell before.

*Hypocrites.*

Come forth ye Hypocrites, who made a ſhow
Of being holy, but were never ſo;

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ave born the outward Name of true Profeſſors,
t in your private Haunts were great Tranſgreſſors:
Name to live you had, but that was all,
our Ends and Aims were Hypocritical;
ou us'd Religion only to diſguiſe,
nd paint but over your Deformities:
ou follow'd Chriſt for Loaves, which when you got,
ho' Chriſt did lead you ſtill, you followed not;
ou're painted Sepulchres, and juſt no more,
lendid without, but rotten at the Core:
uch blazing Comets, wandring Stars, tho' high,
Vere but to ſhine a while, and then to die,
eceive them Devils, and the Charge I give,
et them in diſmal Darkneſs ever live.

*Apoſtates, Backſliders.*

Backſliders and Apoſtates all draw near,
Attend the diſmal Sentence you muſt hear;
You once were ſeeming Saints, but now alas!
Amongſt the openly prophane you paſs;
You ſeem'd to love My Ways and People too,
And once run very well, who hindred you?
Was Heaven to you ſo unpleaſant, that
You muſt forſake it for you knew not what?
Was My Reward ſo mean, you went away,
And would no longer in My ſervice ſtay?
And can the Devil give you better pay?
What! Faces Heavenwards, and then retreat?
This makes your leſſer Wickedneſs compleat;
For when you'd tri'd both Ways, a worſe and better,
You wainly choſe the Firſt, and left the Latter,

Then

Then take them Devils, who would ne're be wiſe,
And let them know what 'twas t'apoſtatille.

*Impenitent, Unbelievers.*

Come forth Impenitents, and hear your Fate,
Let Unbelievers now lament too late,
That they would not prevailed be withal
To come to Chriſt, when He did ſweetly call;
Come, Sinner, come away, both Me and Mine,
Upon Acceptance ſhall be ever Thine:
You have not th' Goſpel credited, tho' true,
And in your Mother-Tongue reveal'd to you;
You have not yeilded to Me your Allegiance,
Nor liv'd by Faith, nor paid me true Obedience;
Nor clos'd with Chriſt, tho' you did plainly ſee
'Twas by Him only you could ſaved be:
Repent you would not, but your Sins did cheriſh,
Tho' it was often ſaid, Repent or periſh.
Take them then Devils, let them rue their birth,
Who would not turn from ſin whilſt here on Earth

*Sinners Farewel.*

Alas, Alas! What will of us become?
Now *go ye Curſed*, is our final Doom:
Both Soul and Body well may ſtand affrighted,
Curſing the Day in which they were united:
Devils muſt needs with Fury being driven,
Seize us for Hell, being ſentenc'd out of Heaven;
And with Inſultation at us rage,
As tho' our Torments would their own aſswage
In Flames muſt fry, which never ceaſe to burn,
From whence we never may, nor can return.

*FINIS.*